The Dollengangers

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Summary: A poem dedicated to the memory of VC Andrews

The Dollengangers

> <meta name="ProgId"> The Dollengangers

This was written by me many years ago on the day I learned that VC Andrews had died. She had been dead for almost a year when I found out, so I wrote this in my writing journal for my creative writing class.

The characters are all hers, I just borrowed them for the poem. This poem is only meant as a memorial for one of the best writers I have read. The world is a poorer place without her.

The Dollengangers

>

There were four of them when they started out,

On the train

To the unknown grandparents' house.

Their mother told them, "Be quiet as mice

And someday you will come down from the attic.

Rich."

And so the children stayed quiet, and suffered

The grandmother's cold ways

And whips.

And they made the attic

Into a garden

Where they could play without worry.

But soon they began

To feel

Deceived.

They rarely saw their mother

Anymore.

She was always out with friends.

And the children got

Sicker

And sicker.

And still they were there

Using the attic as a playground

And being whipped and starved by the grandmother.

Finally, they decided to leave

But by then

It was too late.

One of the children

Became too sick

And their mother took him away.

When she came back, she said he was dead.

Gone.

To be with his father in Heaven.

The children soon escaped

By taking their mother's money

And crawling out the attic window.

But they then discovered they could have come down.

The grandfather was dead, and their mother had tried to kill them.

Then there were three

>

~In memoriam~

Virginia Cleo Andrews,

Died December 19, 1986

Written November 11, 1987

Edited March 19, 2000

End
file.